

ould be very easy for you," replied the man the German letters. The salvation is worth this small pains from you." A man then went to the bookstore and an alphabet. The bookseller asked a price than the Jew thought right, and without buying it. But the tears and entreaties of the tailor, left him no rest, to the bookseller, and bought the alphabet of one night he learnt the German. When he thought himself sufficiently able to read the New Testament, he went to the tailor and begged him to copy of that sacred book. He then shut in his chamber for twenty-four hours, and any nourishment: he read the New Testament beginning to end, and the epistle of Romans twice. After this he returned the tailor, without saying a word of the book he had received. But a few days after, he went to Gethsemane, associated with Christians, to their instructions. At length he was declared himself openly a disciple of

vered Jew is now a physician; he has the Gospel of St. Luke into Hebrew, and it with learned notes, and this book is sent to the Jews.

God choose the weak and feeble to lead Israel!

time is that spectacle which is presented of every Christian in the future and uni-

ph of the Gospel!—How blessed shall be

he shall live

a world redeemed from Satan's rod,

and remember, and adore her God.

WREATH AND HIS VICTIM.

Watson, of 79 Grand street, was put to

a charge of seducing another woman's

z: a young man who was clerk in the

g & Co. The prisoner was young, good

altogether her personal appearance was

interesting. She was said to belong to

respectable parents in the state of Maine, but

anately, while on a visit some time back,

met the clerk above alluded to at a ball,

and fell desperately in love with him.—

scoundrel, used his utmost endeavors to

believe that his intentions towards her

honorable nature—and he fed the flame

was consuming her. When it had

weight so great as to take paramount pos-

every other feeling, he attacked her virtue

an evil hour yielded to his entreaties, and

happiness forever. He left Boston and

ork and married, and is now the faith-

ful children.

he wrote to his victim, or whether she

on to New York of her own accord, is

own, suffice it to say, that she reached this

out her seducer, enticed him to leave his

live with her, the unhappy victim of his ar-

did abandon his wife and live with the

what added to the enormity of his

he fact that his unfortunate wife was at the

upon a sick bed; and were it not likely to

afflictions of his neglected wife, we would

publish the scoundrel's name. The lost and

girl, the prisoner, not satisfied with having

reckless husband from the arms of his

still further; and in a fit of frenzy, for she

have been in her sober senses, she went to

de of the sick wife, and taunted the poor

th having drawn away from her arms the

jeer of her unhalloved attachment. "But,"

miserable maniac, "you'll have no happi-

side of heaven, for know you to your annoy-

your faithful husband pillowed his head

bosom, and slept last night within these

scene of confusion ensued, and the em-

the husband, Mr. F.—g, ultimately took the

girl to the watch house. In the morning,

yman very admirably and judiciously re-

her, and remonstrated with her on the mad-

der conduct, and committed her to prison.

In the course of the day, was allowed to

way, and put her on board a vessel that was

setly for the residence of her parents, under

of hope that she may be restored to re-

comparative respectability. Strange to say,

ed at the police office in the afternoon, that

drei of a husband was about to pack up his

follow his paramour to her native place.

ork Transcript.

BEDS AND MATTRESSES.

LE AT ROGERS & HASKELL'S, Nos. 8 &

rk Square, Boston, Feather Beds of different qual-

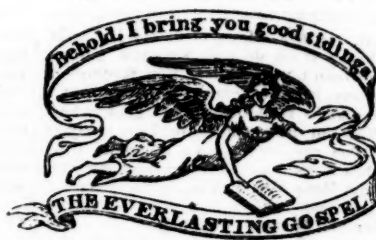
ities. Mattresses of all kinds for family or ship use.

are respectfully invited to call.

SLATE AND SLATING.

DESCRIBER would give notice to his friends and

ZION'S



HERALD.

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Office No. 19 Washington St.

BENJ. KINGSBURY, JR., EDITOR.
ASSISTED BY AN ASSOCIATION OF GENTLEMEN.

David H. Ela, Printer.

FOR ZION'S HERALD.
MINISTERIAL EDUCATION.

BROTHER KINGSBURY—A few weeks since I sent you a short article on Ministerial Education, which you very kindly inserted in the Herald. Since that I have observed, in the Christian Advocate, an account of the proceedings of the Holstein Conference, respecting the examination of candidates by the Presiding Elders. I am happy to perceive that the course taken by that Conference indicates views in perfect accordance with my own. A member of the New England Conference has stated, that "the Methodist Episcopal Church has never made any provision for the education of her ministers." This statement was endorsed, unqualifiedly, by the editor of the Christian Advocate, at the time it was first made public. In a late number of the Advocate, the editor has attempted to qualify the statement, by saying, "it is self-evident that the author meant pecuniary provision only;" and challenges any one to point out the evidence, in the Discipline, that the Church has ever made any such provision. I would here ask if the two years' probation is not designed for the theological education of candidates for the ministry? A reference to the eighth section of the first chapter of the Discipline will satisfy any one that such is the design. I would then ask, who boards and clothes these candidates, while they are thus engaged in obtaining their education for the ministry? Does not the Church? And has she not made especial provision in her Discipline for that purpose? Turn to part second, section fourth, of the Discipline, where the answer will be found. But I am aware it will be said, in reply, that this is merely a provision for their support as ministers, and what they have a right, in justice, to claim for their services. Suppose then, a young man, instead of being admitted on probation, and appointed to a circuit or station, should be sent to a theological institution to obtain his theological training, and the Church should board and clothe him, during his continuance in that institution,—would it be said that the Church had made no pecuniary provision for the education of that young man for the ministry? Certainly not. But I hear it said, "The cases are widely different. One is laboring for the Church, while the other is only preparing himself for labor." Is it not, I would ask, laboring for the Church, to spend three years in close application to books, for no other purpose than to serve the Church? and is it not preparing to labor for the Church, to study, and travel, and preach, and visit, while a candidate for the ministry? The object is the same in both cases; the only difference is in the mode of attaining it. If, therefore, what is done by the Church, in one of these cases, is a pecuniary provision for the education of ministers, then what is done by the Church in the other case, is equally a pecuniary provision for the education of ministers. Thus we see, that the Methodist Episcopal Church has made pecuniary provision for the education of her ministers; the statement of Mr. — and the endorsement of the Christian Advocate to the contrary notwithstanding. I will now venture the assertion, that no denomination of Christians in the United States, is at a greater annual expense for the education of ministers, than our own. I have made a calculation from the best data that I can obtain, and the result is, that the amount given annually by the Methodist Episcopal Church, for the education of her ministers, will fall but little, if any, short of one hundred thousand dollars.

P. CRANDALL.

FOR ZION'S HERALD.

IGNORANCE OR DISHONESTY OF INFIDELS.

NO. III.

Mr. Kneeland next took up Matt. i. 22, 23—"Now all this was done that it might be fulfilled which was spoken of the Lord by the prophets, saying, Behold a virgin shall be with child, and shall bring forth a son, and they shall call his name Immanuel;" which is a quotation from Isaiah, vii. 14. His object was to show that the passage was not a prophecy in any sense, and did not stand in that form in the language of the prophet; that therefore "the ignorant author of Matthew's gospel" could not distinguish a prophecy from the mere declaration of an existing fact. To prove this, Mr. K. had recourse to his stores of Hebrew lore! and upon his word, as a man versed in the Hebrew language, the audience were told that the text in question, instead of being in the form of a prediction, with its verbs in the future tense, was merely the declaration of a fact then existing, its verbs being all in the present tense; and was word for word, letter for letter, and point for point, with Gen. xvi. 11, except in the person of the pronouns. In the latter case the individual being addressed, the pronoun is in the second person. And in the former being spoken of, the pronoun was in the third person. This, Mr. K. thought, was conclusive evidence that it could not be a prediction.

But the slightest examination of the subject will convince any candid mind, that here is either great "ignorance or dishonesty" on the part of Mr. Kneeland. The circumstances of the case are briefly these. Peka, king of Israel, and Rezin, king of Syria, had entered into a league for the destruction of the Kingdom of Judah and the house of David. Ahas, who was then king of Judah, was greatly troubled at this dangerous combination against him and his kingdom. In the midst of these afflictions, Isaiah is commissioned by God to go and inform Ahas that this plot of his enemies against him should not prosper, that they should not overthrow his kingdom. And in order to give him the greater assurance, the prophet tells him to ask a sign of God, as a pledge that his word should be fulfilled. This Ahas declines, on the ground that it would be tempting

God. The prophet immediately adds, "The Lord himself shall give you a sign—behold a virgin shall conceive, and bear a son, and they shall call his name Immanuel." These are the circumstances. Here is the "sign." Now if there be any meaning in language, the "sign" was, that the kingdom of Judah should not be destroyed until a "virgin" should bear a "son." "But," says Mr. K., "the words of the prophet are in the present tense." And what of that? are not most of the prophecies of Scripture?—and was not this the Oriental mode of speaking and writing? Was it not stated by Isaiah, 700 years before the birth of Christ, that a virgin did, or should bear a son? This Mr. K. acknowledged. And was not the birth of our Saviour the only case of this description on the record of the world's history? Further evidence of the prophetic character of the text is found in the fact that Judah was not destroyed until after the birth of Christ.

Further, Mr. K. says that the Hebrew word "almah" does not mean virgin, but simply a young woman. But in this he is so unfortunate as to have all distinguished scholars against him. Thus Mr. K.'s treatment of this text shows the justice of my motto—"Ignorance or dishonesty." J. HAMILTON.
East Randolph, April 28, 1835.

FOR ZION'S HERALD.

EXTRACTS FROM THE REPORT

OF THE AFRICAN SABBATH SCHOOL, MAY STREET.

We have the names of eighty-four children on our record—forty-four male, and forty female. Our average number in attendance is from forty to sixty. Our school has increased forty-five in number the past year, and it would have increased more if we had been supplied with more faithful teachers. We now have ten teachers—four male and six female—who deserve the highest commendation for their faithfulness.

We have a large adult Bible class in our school which is in a very interesting state; two of its members have died the past year in triumphs.

We have twenty Library Books. Twelve Bibles have been given to the school, which we acknowledge with gratitude. We have expended twenty-three dollars for books, clothes, and a library case, and have received eleven dollars and fifty cents.

We have been highly gratified with the regular visits of the committee, and their kind advice and exhortations.

FOR ZION'S HERALD.

NAHANT.

AN EXTRACT FROM MY JOURNAL.

The people of this place are sincere and affectionate. To a small but interesting congregation I have occasionally preached. How delightful to proclaim the unsearchable riches of Christ to those who receive the word into "good and honest hearts." We are reminded of the simplicity of early gospel days, when the humble disciples, gathering in groups around the apostles, received from them the words of life. Happy period! may it again bless the Church!

The local situation of Nahant, renders it very pleasant as a summer resort. Hence it is visited during the warm season by many from the city and other places adjacent. To survey the extensive sheet of water on the east and on the west, and the beautiful islands which form the outer harbor of Boston, on a clear morning, is soul-inspiring. Of all natural objects, none produces, in my own mind, thoughts so sublime and elevating as the blue of ocean. It presents at once a beautiful representation of the immensity of God. The expanse over your head, and the world of waters at your feet, carry the mind back to chaos—to illimitable space when nothing existed; and it is overwhelmed by the majesty and power of Him, whose simple word spoke worlds into being, with all their endlessly-diversified minerals, vegetables, animals, and rational. Here ought fetters the mind, but thought free and rapid as the sunbeams, traverses immeasurably, nor finds where to rest. From suns and centres of sublimity worlds, it reverts to the great centre of the moral universe, in whose beneficent beams bask myriads of beings as spotless as their holy origin. The believer in Jesus is reminded of the day when this "mortal having put on immortality," "made like unto Christ's glorious body," permitted to gaze immediately on the glories of the God-head, to survey unnumbered worlds, perhaps to converse with their holy inhabitants, or listen to the music of the spheres, will forever find itself within the embrace of infinite love. O, enrapturing thought! Through the Son of God's eternal love, this shall be mine! Purity then shall be my motto, usefulness my aim.

FOR ZION'S HERALD.

THE SABBATH.

NO. I.

Remember the Sabbath day, to keep it holy.

MR. EDITOR—It can but be regretted that at this peculiar age of the world, when the conflict between Christ and Belial—infidelity and religion—is so sanguine, and the march of moral reform so rapid, more is not said in defence of the Christian Sabbath. While the causes of Missions, Temperance, Abolition, and African Colonization, are constantly and zealously urged upon the attention of the public, this institution, founded in wisdom by the infinite God, is comparatively neglected. If this be not teaching for doctrine the commandments of men, it is at least neglecting an important command of God, which in no case can find apology in zeal for human institutions, however excellent they may be. That so little should be said on this subject seems strange, when we consider its intimate relation to the aforementioned, and their dependence for ultimate success on a right and practical view of this; but more especially when we reflect that the Sabbath is of divine origin, and is most shamefully desecrated by almost every class and profession of men. Who that has any just conception of the holy mandate in the caption, has ever passed one Sabbath without witnessing its violation? Our Puritan Fathers very rationally looked on every infringement of this law, as a serious and treasonable

offense; and though exceedingly whimsical about many things, very justly feared vindictive results: but now it is violated in the face of day,—its violation is legalized, nay more, required by a law of our national legislature, and yet who protests against it? Who lifts up his voice like a trumpet, and spurs not? Who trembles for the retributive wrath of an incensed God? No doubt some feel and act on this subject; but it is time for us all to be awake—to be alarmed. The sin is increasing. It is coming forth from its secret recesses, whither it has been confined by public opinion, to extend its operations." Already the martial thunders of Catholicism begin to roar in the ears of the Almighty, and mar the stillness and solemnity of the day of God. What Mr. Finney says of an annual session of the General Assembly of his denomination, will soon be true of the Sabbath, if it be not now,—it is a "JUBILEE IN HELL." Could butchered, infidel France speak, she would say, with the voice of seven thunders—"Remember the Sabbath." Let us learn from her impious example, and dreadful calamities,

"That God stands not,

Though he seems to stand aloof."

The Sabbath is the great conservator of good morals, and as such, is essential to national happiness and prosperity. If we abuse it, we must have our country to be what God may permit her to be; and learn when it is too late, that—

"Omnipotence his law fulfils,

And vengeance executes what justice wills."

Praying reader, take this subject to your closet, to your Bible, and your God. Ponder it deeply. It is entwined into all your interests, civil and religious. In the language of another, it is "the mainspring of all moral movements; the great centre of attraction, and fountain of illumination to the moral world."

J. PORTER.

East Greenwich, R. I., April 25, 1835.

FOR ZION'S HERALD.

SIGNS OF THE TIMES, AND DUTIES OF CHRISTIANS.

MR. EDITOR—An unknown friend desires to submit through your columns, for the consideration of the public, a few thoughts on the subject indicated by the above title. As I may not say all that I wish to in this communication, with your permission I may hereafter write again; I must also beg the privilege of being somewhat desultory, though my general design and object will be specific.

Allow me then, in the first place, to express my views of the course taken by your periodical on the subject of Popery. That course, sir, has afforded me the deepest and most sincere gratification. Allow me to be still more particular, and tender my special thanks to one of your correspondents, who writes over the signature of "W. C. B." (a) If all Protestants as clearly understood the subject, and had the moral courage of this writer, the minions of the Pope might despair of subjugating America to the yoke of their master. Sir, this is no time for half-way measures; and God grant that the church may not be cursed with half-hearted men. If ever such an invincible spirit was needed in the church as that manifested by LUTHER, KNOX, and WESLEY, the times call for such a spirit now. The champions of Israel must beard the lion in his den. Like the intrepid Putnam, they must follow the wolf into the caverns of the earth, wherever he may hide, with the torch of the gospel in one hand, and the thunders of the law in the other, though life itself may be hazarded by the effort; and the apocalyptic beast shall be slain, and dragged out to the public gaze. I consider it highly creditable to the Methodist Church that so many of her sons in New England came up to the help of the Lord, against this subtle, malignant, and ever active foe. In the last generation, hundreds of churches fast asleep, were roused from their lethargy by the missionary labors of your ministers; and if those who come after them walk in the steps of their fathers for twenty years to come, the Methodists will bear a conspicuous part in saving our country from the desolations with which it is now threatened by the Papal despots of Europe.

Ought not then your young ministers to be trained up with special reference to this department of labor, since it will inevitably devolve upon all Protestants? It appears to me that young ministers of all denominations, should furnish themselves abundantly with such information as will enable them to meet the wily Jesuit and stupid Papist with arguments and facts which they cannot resist. Several works lately published at New York, among which are "Dr. Falk's Confutation of the Rhemish Testament," "Davennant's Exposition," "The London Protestant Journal," "Illustrations of Popery," and "Dr. Brownlee's Letters," are invaluable, and should make a part of every minister's library. I believe, Mr. Editor, we have but one alternative left us; either to look our enemy in the face, as the Reformers of the sixteenth century did, or quail before the roaring dragon, subscribe to all his blasphemies, and endure whatever servitude he may choose to inflict upon us. Let us read the history of Popery for twelve hundred years, especially for the last three hundred, and unless our integrity or courage fail, we shall gird on our armor like men, and stand in the breach, committing our life and cause into the hands of that God who is able to keep us, and in his own good time and way to give us the victory.

Mont Blanc, April 2, 1835.

(a) Our correspondent mistakes. "W. C. B." writes for the Protestant Vindicator, from which we extracted his articles.

(b) A lady! foremost in every benevolent work.

[From the London Quarterly Review.]

COLERIDGE.

Johnson's eulogy of Burke is in every body's recollection; viz., that if a barber's boy had stopped for ten minutes under the same shed with him during a shower of rain, he would have said, on going away, "That is an extraordinary man." Assuredly the same thing may be said with quite as much truth of

Coleridge. The affluence of his mind could never be repressed, and such was the catholic humanity of his heart, the pure character which mingled with every play even of his imagination, that no child of Adam ever seemed to him unworthy; we do not say of frank and kindly communication merely, but of the treatment of an equal. How completely, when once fairly in talk with any human being, no matter how lowly in condition, how deficient in education, he seemed to forget the intellectual gulf that separated himself from his auditor, we need not remind any one that knew any thing of his habits. When he carried it so far as not merely to adorn and embellish subjects of which his barber's boys might be supposed to have some feeling and comprehension, but to harangue them (as he often did) on topics and in a style which must to them have been alike heathen and Greek, the effect was at once so quaintly ludicrous and so gently amiable, that we cannot but wish some specimens of it had been preserved, as far as such things ever can be preserved by a mere record of words. The parties addressed, however incapable of fully understanding his drift, were always cheered and delighted with the evident kindness of his whole spirit and intentions—while "he held them with his glittering eye," the cordial childlike innocence of his smile, the inexpressible sweetness of his voice, and the rich musical flow into which his mere language ever threw itself, were subsidiary charms that told even upon the dulllest and the coldest. Had it been possible that such a man should ever have taken up the trade of a demagogue, either in the pulpit or on the hustings, what power must have been his! The more unintelligible his strain, the greater of course, so the watchwords were skillfully chosen, would have been its potency.

LINES

Written by Bishop Horne White, while staying at an Inn.

The world is like an inn, for there
Men call, and storm, and drink, and swear,
While undisturbed the Christian waits,
And reads, and aptly writes, and meditates.

Though in the dark I oft times stray,
The Lord shall light me on my way,
And to the city of the sun
Conduct me when my journey's done.

There by these eyes shall He be seen
Who sojourn'd for me at an inn;
On Zion's hill I those shall hail
From whom I parted in the vale.

Why am I heavy, then, and sad,
When thoughts like these should make me glad?
Mute then no more on things below,
Arise, my soul, and let us go.

SCANDAL.—A FRAGMENT.

"There are people," continued the corporal, "who can't even breathe, without slandering a neighbor."
"You judge too severely," replied my aunt Prudy, "no one is slandered who does not deserve it."
"That may be," retorted the corporal, "but I have heard very slight things said of you."

The face of my aunt kindled with anger. "Me!" she exclaimed, "me!—slight things of me! what can any body say of me!"
"They say," answered the corporal gravely, and drawing his words to keep her in suspense, "that—that you are no better than you ought to be."

Fury flashed from the eyes of my aunt. "Who are the wretches?"

"I hope they slander no one who does not deserve it," remarked the corporal, jeeringly, as he left the room.

The feelings of my aunt may well be conceived. She was sensibly injured. True, she had her foibles. She was peevish and fretful; but she was rigidly moral and virtuous. The purest ice was not more chaste. The Pope himself could not boast more piety. Conscious of the correctness of her conduct, she was wounded at the remark of the corporal. Why should her neighbors slander her? She could not conjecture.

Let my aunt be consoled. A person who can live in this world without suffering slander, must be too stupid, or insignificant to claim attention.

[From the Lowell Pledge.]

"WHY WON'T YOU ASK PA' TO BE STILL WHILE I'M DYING!"

She was a lovely girl of fourteen, the oldest and the favorite of a once happy family. When the school hours were over, she would hasten home, and sit with her needle-work by her mother, or tend her little brother, yet in his cradle; or do whatever else was required of her, so kindly, so uncomplainingly, that her presence in the family was like an angel visit. When she was about house in her pleasant and quiet manner, her mother's brow of care would often be lighted up with hope and joy. She would sometimes sit and fondly gaze upon her daughter, after having listened to the sweet tones of her voice, while she narrated some little occurrence, some passing event; and as she looked upon her in the loveliness of her young and unembittered existence, she felt all the affection of a maternal heart. And yet her eye grew dim with the rising tear, as she thought of the future—as she more than anticipated the woe which might, in coming years, be the portion of her beloved child. But only a short time from the period of which I am now speaking, a change came over the spirit of the mother—for a change had passed upon the lovely daughter. Ellen became pensive and languid. Her eye was sunken, her cheek was pale, her form was emaciated, and she lay languishing upon her couch, over which her mother watched, by night and by day, till the evening to which I refer.

It was the hour of twilight. The streets were getting still. All was hushed around the dwelling of —, where lay the wasted form of Ellen. She had been raised up in her bed, that she might see the sun go down in the west. She watched his rays as they lingered upon the distant, till she grew tired

with looking. She had just been placed in a more reposeful posture, when the very room where she lay, became the scene of strange confusion. From the hoarse throat of a DRUNKARD were poured forth a volley of oaths and horrid imprecations. The room was filled with the stench of his sepulchral breath. The care-worn and heart-broken wife was rudely driven from the bedside of the dying Ellen. The younger children were huddled together in one corner of the room, pale with fear, and their eyes red with weeping. The senseless babbling and noisy violence of the drunkard still continued. The breath of Ellen grew fainter and shorter. She raised her little skeleton hand and beckoned her mother, who stood weeping the other side of the room, to come to her. She came. The poor child had strength only to say, "Why won't you ask pa' to be still while I'm dying?" These were the last words of Ellen; but they were in vain. With the last sigh of her gentle spirit, there went up to heaven also the inhuman ravings of the drunken father!

This story is not a fiction; not a matter of imagination, but real occurrence! Had the owner of the groshop in that neighborhood the spirit of a man, or of a demon within him? For a little filthy lucre he could fabricate such misery, and deal out such death, all around him!

SERMON AGAINST TOP-KNOTS.—Many years ago, when ladies wore a high ornament on their heads, called top-knots, a clergyman took occasion to preach a sermon on the sinful extravagance in female dress, and delivered his text as follows:—

In the 24th chapter of St. Matthew, 17th verse, are these words—"Top knot come down!" He then proceeded, in a very logical manner, to prove that this was an interdiction of God against high head-dresses, or top-knots. A clergyman, who was present, was completely puzzled by his text; and when he returned home, he instantly examined the chapter and verse, from which it was said to be taken, where he found the following words:—"Let him who is on the house top, not come down to take any thing out of the house." What an admirable expounder of the gospel!

"WHY THEY CALL 'EM TRACTS."—While spending a few hours lately in a little village in Ohio, I was amused and instructed with the simplicity of the following anecdote, related to me by the Rev. Mr. M.—. He one day presented a religious tract to a poor negro, first securing his promise that he would read it and endeavor to profit by it. Some time afterwards, Mr. M. met him again, and inquired what he thought of the tract.

"O," said he, "masse, it do me soul good. I neber know before why da call 'em tracks. But when I read dat little book, it track me dis way,

FOR ZION'S HERALD.

Mr. Editor.—My remarks on Consequences, in reply to Brother Whedon's first number, have been strangely misunderstood, and therefore misrepresented. This was first done by the Professor; and, at that time, it did not occur to me, that it was necessary to take any notice of it, as the misrepresentation, I supposed, must be obvious to all. But as Dr. Fisk, and others, have reiterated the same sentiment, and as many are now under the impression that abolitionists (myself among them) have no regard to consequences, I deem it proper to call the attention of your readers to what I have said on the subject.

Brother W., in his first number, writing colloquially, supposes that an abolitionist uses the following language:—"O, but whatever may be the consequences, we must do our duty;" and then adds, "certainly," (what abolitionist has ever said more?) "but it is by the consequences that we must ascertain what is our duty." In my remarks, I attempted to show the impropriety of making imaginary consequences the standard of duty, in opposing slavery; and added, "that we should ascertain our duty from the Bible and from the laws of equity and justice." But Brother W., on the contrary, thus represents my views and statements:—"The immediatists of this country, although they affect to conjecture that disunion will not be the result, do nevertheless maintain that they are not to calculate consequences. This doctrine of irresponsibility and recklessness of consequences, is thus stated by the Rev. O. Scott. Pray, where? Dr. Fisk accuses us of holding the doctrine, that 'we are not to look at consequences;' that we are not to 'mind consequences;' and that we are always to attack wickedness, regardless of consequences."

Now, I challenge Professor Whedon and Dr. Fisk, or any other person, to bring a single passage from any of my communications, to substantiate the above charges! My remarks, on Consequences, were designed to show that the Bible, together with the laws of equity and justice, and not imaginary consequences, should be our standard of duty. Abolitionists feel as much solicitude about the result of their labors, and the consequences of their measures as colonizationists do, though they be called "immediatists" and "fanatics." They love the church and the country, the master and the slave, as well, perhaps, as colonizationists. And though imaginary consequences are not their statute book, still they never act without considering the probable results. They are not infallible, and therefore may, sometimes, err; but their errors cannot justly be imputed to a reckless disregard of consequences.

This doctrine, of imaginary consequences, is not original with colonizationists. The West India planters, and their friends, sounded a similar alarm while the subject of the abolition of slavery was before the British Parliament; but facts have, at last, set their troubled minds at rest. No very serious consequences have followed the simultaneous emancipation of eight hundred thousand human beings from bondage and degradation. O. Scott.

April 25, 1835.

FOR ZION'S HERALD.

STATISTICS OF SLAVERY.

An Inquiry into the character and tendency of the American Colonization and American Anti-Slavery Societies. By WILLIAM JAY.

This is a work recently published in this city. The character of its author, Judge Jay, son of the celebrated John Jay, and its intrinsic excellence, have given it an extraordinary popularity. It combines a great variety of important facts, which are essential to a righteous or rational decision of the momentous question now agitating the community.—How shall this country be delivered from Slavery? Multitudes have formed their opinions upon this subject, without any thing to sustain them but mere conjecture; many for want of information, find their minds in perplexing suspense, not knowing how to decide; while many as yet think but little about it, simply because they know but little about it. To such persons, especially, and indeed to all, whatever may have been their views, the perusal of this work cannot fail to be advantageous.

The subjoined statistics are chiefly taken from its pages, and contain in themselves an epitome of the history of American slavery, and the progress of emancipation, which, for the purpose of recommending "The Inquiry" to the notice of your readers, I desire to transcribe in the columns of your interesting paper. There are few propositions in Political Economy or Moral Philosophy which have for their support a greater number of facts than the following:

1. In 1790, there were 697,897 slaves in the United States; in 1835, they had increased to the number of 2,245,144. Free colored citizens now in the U. States, 362,000; annual increase, 6,000.

2. The annual increase of slaves is 54,000, the daily 147. The number of children, therefore, daily reduced to slavery, must be between two and three hundred!!

3. The American Colonization Society was instituted in 1816; Judge Washington, a slaveholder and slave-trader, the first President. In the lapse of 18 years, it has transported to Liberia 800 manumitted slaves, and 2,193 free negroes. 800 slaves are less than the increase of five and a half days!

4. In 1823, the African slave trade was declared to be piracy. The internal slave trade, nearly equal in atrocity, is carried on in the United States to the extent of 30,000 annually. A single slave factory in Alexandria, in 1833, transported to more southern markets 1000 slaves, and had a fair prospect, as they boasted, of increasing business in subsequent years.

5. Previous to the organization of the Colonization Society, Abolition Societies on the principle that all men are created free and equal, were formed in various parts of the country, and the number seemed to be increasing. Where are they now? In 1785, an Abolition Society was formed in New York, under the Presidency of John Jay. In 1787, one under Franklin in Pennsylvania. A convention of delegates from the following Abolition Societies was held in Baltimore, the capital of a slaveholding state, in 1827. New York, Rhode Island, Pennsylvania, Western Pennsylvania, Maryland, five branches: Tennessee, Monroe county, Ohio; Andover, Mass., Williams College, Mass., Loudon county, Va., North Carolina, with forty branches!! Delaware, Centerville, Pa., Brownsville, Pa.

6. By the laws and customs of slaveholding states, about 2,000,000 of slaves are kept in the condition of heathens. Are Southern Christians, at the polls and in the legislature, making any great exertions to overthrow these unwholesome and atrocious laws?

7. Congress has jurisdiction over 6000 slaves in the District of Columbia, and 20,000 in the territories of Arkansas and Florida, for which the non-slaveholding states are responsible; for, combined, they have constitutional power to abolish slavery within these limits.

8. Within a period of fifty years, nearly three million of slaves in America have been emancipated, a vast proportion of them instantaneously, and no proof is adduced that insurrection, vagrancy, or starvation, have been the consequences.

9. On the 10th of October, 1811, the Congress of Chili decreed that every child born after that day should be free.

On the 9th April, 1812, the Government of Buenos Ayres ordered that every child born after the 1st January, 1813, should be free.

On the 15th July, 1821, the Congress of Colombia passed an act emancipating all slaves who had borne arms in favor of the Republic, and providing for the emancipation in 18 years of the whole slave population of 250,000.

On the 15th September, 1821, the government of Mexico granted instantaneous and unconditional emancipation to every slave.

On the 4th of July, 1827, ten thousand slaves were emancipated in the state of New York, by an act of the Legislature.

On the 1st of August, 1834, slavery was abolished in the British West India Islands, by which 700,000 slaves received their liberty under circumstances in the aggregate not so favorable to emancipation as in the United States. And notwithstanding all the fears that were excited as to the consequences, not a single life has been taken, nor a single dwelling fired, by an emancipated slave.

In St. Domingo, 600,000 slaves suddenly and unexpectedly received their liberty, by an act of Government, in 1793, that they might be combined to expel the English which had invaded the Island; and having aided in accomplishing this, they continued eight years in the utmost quietude, laboring for stipulated wages, under their former masters, until the French attempted to reduce them again to bondage, in 1802, when they rose and took the government into their own hands.

Having the above facts before us, if any man affirms that he believes it inexpedient for the States, by their independent legislative authority, to abolish slavery immediately, I hope it will not be deemed presumptuous to ask him—Why? C. K. TRUE.

Boston, May 1, 1835.

ZION'S HERALD.

BOSTON, WEDNESDAY, MAY 6, 1835.

BILLS.

We continue sending out, this week, bills to the preachers for collection, in order that they may have a LARGE and FULL return at the approaching session of the New England Conference.

We would assure our brethren that it is extremely important to us to have these accounts—especially those of one or two years' standing—promptly settled. We have some heavy outstanding debts to pay. Our bill for paper alone is about \$900! These facts need only be presented.

We would take this opportunity to express our gratitude to the Preachers generally, for the assistance the Herald has received from them during the past year. By their exertions, our list of subscribers has increased to about 3100, making a net increase of 761. It is necessary, however, that we should have a much larger number, in order to pay the current expenses and the debts incurred by the Association, when it assumed the proprietorship of the paper. We should not have the grace to urge this thing, were the income of the paper going to benefit any individual, or even the Association itself. The income of the paper is pledged to the N. E. Conference. Cannot the subscription list be increased during the ensuing year, to at least, 4000?—It can. It depends upon you, brethren, to say—IT SHALL.

TO SUBSCRIBERS.

We send out the bills, as will be perceived by the above, for collection. We hope each account will be immediately settled, upon presentation.

"Oh, but my bill is so small—only \$2—that it can't embarrass the conscience if I don't pay it!"

But, good air, how many others, think you, say the same? Our whole income is made up of small sums. In some cases—when we are unacquainted with the names of the Preachers—we send bills to the subscribers themselves. They will oblige us, by paying the money over to their Pastors, or transmitting it by mail, immediately to us.

Errors will unavoidably occur, as we have accounts to keep with over three thousand persons; BUT THEY WILL ALWAYS BE CHEERFULLY CORRECTED.

MAINE WESLEYAN JOURNAL.

The last number of this paper contains the "Counter Appeal," entire. The editor with reference to it makes the following remark:—

Some weeks since—perhaps eight or ten—the columns of Zion's Herald were formally opened for the discussion of the question of slavery; and at that time we supposed the paper was over to take rank with the Liberator, Emancipator, and "all that sort of hebdomadist;"—but that as it may, it has certainly learned that way, and not a few of its articles have seemed to us to be highly charged with a kindred spirit.

The above—with all deference to our cotemporary—is a misrepresentation, and does us great injustice. The Herald never has leaned towards either side of the question. It has been strictly neutral. Why did not our brother suppose we "had gone over to take rank with the African Repository, Colonization Herald, and 'all that sort of hebdomadist,' because we have published and do continue to publish articles from Professor Whedon and others on that side? Why?

We avow our belief, in common with all northerners, that the abolition of Slavery is desirable, but with respect to the mode of effecting this object we have said nothing. And we distinctly challenge the Journal to point out a single paragraph, sentence, or word, that will disprove our assertion.

We would ask our brother of the Journal, whether he has not taken sides by publishing the "Counter Appeal," and commending it editorially? We would ask, too, whether he has treated the brethren of the original extra, ("prominent members" of the two conferences, the Journal itself being judge,) with common editorial impartiality, in giving his readers the reply alone? Will they not be anxious to know what the document is which it answers?

The difference between us then, is—We have said nothing editorially upon the subject, but have admitted communications on both sides—the Journal has expressed itself editorially, and published but upon one side. Let the public discern between us.

FRITZ HAZELL.

This is a temperance tract, written by our interesting correspondent, "No JEWUIT." (By the way, might not a series upon the subject of Popery, produce equally great effect?)

The story we have read with deep interest, and those who suppose that nothing new can be obtained from this hacknied subject, would do well to follow our example. The following is a summary:—

A sailor stopped to rest in the noisy valley of Still Valley, (rather paradoxical, to be sure!) under the stoop of a quiet, smoking, benevolent Dutchman. He heard the cry of "murder" raised. Both rushed to the house—a drunkard's—and, finding the door fastened inside, burst it open. On the floor lay the wife—a MANGLED, BLEEDING CORPSE—near her lay the husband, with his throat cut from ear to ear. They went, drunk, into the presence of a just God! "But, where was the poor fellow, Patrick?" After close searching he was discovered peering from an ash-hole in the cellar. When he came out he clung to the skirts of the Dutchman's coat, and said:—

"You won't let father kill me, will you?"

"No, my boy."

The boy was taken under his protection, named after his son, Fritz Hazel, became pious, went to sea, was appointed first mate of a ship, returned, and, owing to a variety of circumstances, concluded to study divinity, and was a preacher of the gospel.

Still Valley—which was thus named, because there were four distilleries in it—were shocked at the murder and suicide we have mentioned, and, after much opposition from the doctor and minister, formed a temperance society, and reformed the village. The good old Dutchman was chosen president. We give an extract of his address:—

"Dere ish nothing, vat I loves more, in de morning,"

said Captain Hazell, "dan a schnapp of de old Hollands. I do not ny 'em here; it ish de real Schiedam ginevra, vat I imports myself from my old friends, Van Scrompen, Broders, and Company, in Amsterdam. I have taken a little in de morning, and a little just afore I goes to bed, for forty years. Now, in dish good cause, I am ready to 'steep up.' 'You say, 'You say, 'I am afraid to drink any more. Dish last week I gets a letter from Amsterdam, vat tells me, dat Rene Van Pelten, de burgomaster, as good as great a man as ever live, after old Barneveldt de Stadttholder and Generaal, and de more I takes de more extraordinary my occasions vill pe.—Here ish an old man: he take a little rum, every day, for sixty years—he feel very safe. But de time vill come, ven he vill have nothing else to do: ven he cannot eat, and cannot sleep, he will take a little schnapp, de way to de pot, and drink up de rum; and dat ish all he can do.—Here ish de young man, vat hate de name of a drunkard! he take a little every day; and, ven it ish hot, and de scythe ish dull, he take a little more. De vile look so, and bid him take care: 'Vat,' he say, 'do you tink I vill pe a drunkard, and leave you and de little ones to de care of a cold toord? dere ish no danger.'—Peter cometh dere vas no danger; but Peter fell, and pride cometh before de fall. Now, de temperance folks say, dish ish dere kind of poison, ish no danger, wrong. Dat ish just vat I tink, myself. De rum-seller, he say, 'No, it ish all right.' For vy he say so? Because his fader and his grandfader sell rum fifty years ago. Now, de way from Amsterdam to Oporto, in six times, vas close to de sea, all round de coast of France; now de way ish right over de great pond, and outside de way of Piscoy, and so on; and it ish de right way, though it vas not de way of our faders. Your faders pay tribute to de modern country; vas dat de right way, less dan de sell pebble of rope; any body may pay as much vat he please, and hang himself mit his own hands; but ven he have hung himself and broken his neck, one, de good Christian trader vill not sell him another inch of de rope.—But de trader hold on to de traffic like Van Tromp to de Spanish galleons, in sixteen hundred thirty-nine. 'If I no sell de rope,' he say, 'some oder body vill; and de man vill hang himself, as sure as visky.' Vell, vat of dat? Ish it right for me to sell dish man de rope to hang himself, because I knows dat dere ish danger, and vill sell him de rope, if I vill not? If a poor toad pe killed mit a plunder-push, ish de murderers less guilty, because dere are twenty of 'em pull de string, vat ish tied to de trigger, dan if von pull it alone?—But de trader say some folk vill not peake dere necks mit de rope, dere vill only stretch dere necks, and struggle demselves a little, dat ish all. 'Ve cannot tell who vill peake his neck,' say de trader, 'and who vill not; derefore ve do not sell de rope to peake de neck of any particular poly.' Vell, suppose dey doesn't. Dere ish a pretty good crop of drunkards every year;—just de same de man, de rum-seller put de seed in de ground; and, in de right time he thrash out all de grain; and den de overseers pick up de chaff. De drunken paupers are made by de traders. Now, ish de man less guilty of de crime, who fire his gun into a crowd, and kill some, and hurt some, and send some to de man vat fire and kill von oder man, vat stand all alone? Ish de trader less guilty, who sell de rope, mit bieses stich, or mit his eyes open?—Let de trader go. Vat ish de goat of de ugly stuff? De ploughman vant a little—dat ish de goat of de ugly stuff. Dere ish de old Yanketer, vat ploughed de sea, forty years, and never let a trop come apard, in his life. De traveller and de vagabond must have a little. Dat ish more droll yet. Venever de prute trink a little water, de man must have a little rum. De peast and de man are just de same, all de peast, de peast, and de muscle, and de blood, and de nerve, are just de same; vell, den, ish it not enough to make a burgomaster split his sides mit laughter, to see Matt. Kelly, de postman, vat ish ever so many stone weight, half a pint to run into his stomach, dat he must rise upon de pack of his lame mare, vat gets nothing but water?—I pe ready, for von, to sign de pledge. It ish a good teetle anchor, and vill keep many a poor fellow from going on to de peack; and vanever it vill make all fan vat ish in de way, de poor vild, and de little children may sleep in peace, out de reach of de drunken hurricane."

A political paper says:—
Mademoiselle Celeste, the admirable and fascinating Pantomime Actress, commences a short engagement at the Tremont Theatre on Monday evening.

An "engagement" fraught in its consequences with vice of every grade—and all, to gather up, some glittering dust destined, with its owner to destruction.

EXECUTIVE DUTIES.—The Floridian, published at Tallahassee, after informing its readers that his Excellency the Governor intends to visit Tennessee, says:—"We hope to see the Governor back in time for the races to discharge his duty as President of the Club."

Is the case of "Reform" moving backward? The Governor of a "sovereign state" President of a Jockey Club! O Tempora!

WILLIAM P. WALKER, Esq., of Lenox, has declined being considered the Anti-Administration (Whig) candidate for the office of Lieutenant Governor at the next election.

MR. FINNEY'S LECTURES.—Rev. Mr. Finney is delivering, at the Chatham St. Chapel, N. Y. City, a course of Lectures on Revivals. These Lectures are reported in the N. Y. Evangelist, by the editor of that paper. Those which we have seen, contain much useful information and instruction, and are made interesting by striking illustrations and anecdotes. But we are constrained to say, that he sometimes inculcates doctrines, which are not only at issue with common sense and the experience of the best of Christians, but with the Bible itself. We shall occasionally present paragraphs.—a

THE CHURCH must help.—Where there is no church, or very few members in the church, a revival may be promoted without any organized effort of the church, and even in such a case, God accommodates his grace to the circumstances, as he did when the apostles went out, single handed to plant the gospel in the world. I have seen instances of powerful revivals, where such was the case. But where there are means, God wishes to have them used. I had rather have no church in a place, than attempt to promote a revival in a place where there is a church which will not work.—God will be required of his people to bestow blessings. The countervailing influence of a church that will not work, is worse than indolence. There is the possibility of occupying neutral ground, in regard to a revival, though some professors imagine they are neutral. If a professor will not lay himself out in the work, he opposes it. Let such a person attempt to take middle ground, and say he is going to wait and see how they come out—why, that is the very ground the devil wants them to take. They can do his work a great deal more effectually than by open opposition. If they should take open ground in opposition, every body would say they have no religion. But by this middle course they retain their influence, and thus do the devil's work more effectually.—Lecture XIII.

THE WAY TO HAVE A REVIVAL.—A minister, some years since, was laboring where there was a revival; and was visited by an elder of a church at some distance who wanted him to go and preach there. There was no revival there, but the elder, who had the complaint about his state, said they had had two excellent ministers, one had won himself completely out and died, and the other had exhausted himself and got discouraged and left them, and they were a poor and feeble church and their prospects very dark, and they could have no revival, and so he begged this minister to go and help them. He seemed to be very sorrowful, and the minister heard his whining, and at last replied by asking, Why did you never have a revival? I don't know said the elder. Our minister labored hard, but the church did not care to be wakened up, and somehow there seemed to be no revival.—"Well, now," said the minister, "I see, what you want; you have killed one of God's ministers, and broke down another so that he had to leave you, and now you want to get another there and kill him, and the devil has sent you

here to get me to go and rock your cradle for you. You had one good minister to preach to you, but you slept on, and he exerted himself till he absolutely died in the work. Then the Lord let you have another, and still you lay and slept, and would not wake up to your duty. And now you have come here in despair, and want another minister, do you? God forbid that you should ever have another while you do as you have done. God forbid that you should ever have a minister, till the church will wake up to duty." The elder was affected, for he was a good man. The tears came in his eyes, and he said it was no more than they deserved. "And now," said the minister, "will you be faithful, and go home and tell the church what I say? If you will, and they will be faithful and wake up to duty, they shall have a minister, I will warrant them that." The elder said he would, and he was true to his word; he went home and told the church how cruel it was for them to ask another minister to come among them unless they would wake up. They felt it, and confessed their sins, and waked up to duty, and a minister was sent to them, and a precious and powerful revival followed.—Lecture XIII.

MATTHIAS—ONCE MORE.—This finished villain, when Judge Ruggles asked him what he had to say why sentence should not be passed upon him, began to plead in favor of his doctrines. He was interrupted by the Court, and was told that "they had heard a great deal too much of his doctrines already, and that they could not now be bothered with his foolery and blasphemy. They told him that he had been too long a shameful and barefaced impostor, practising deceit upon credulous people, and thereby committing the most shameful immoralities upon those whom he had seduced by his arts, and making them forget, by their blind attachment and implicit reliance upon his dogmas, their sense of decency, of morality and of shame, as well as their duty to their God and their fellow men; that, in short, by his infamous imposture, he had converted the house at Sing Sing into a comparative den of iniquity, where, under the garb of religion, the greatest wickedness and immorality was practised, and all to gratify his wicked and licentious desires. But he must not lay the flattering unction to his soul, that he would ever find any more such dupes as he had deceived at Sing Sing—the reign of his imposture was at an end—the halo of pretended piety, but real infamy, in which he had enshrouded himself, was dispersed—the mist was dispelled from the eyes of his victims, and they were left to mourn over the wreck which their folly and the prisoner's villainy had produced."

MISSIONARIES RETURNING.—We learn by the papers that brother Seyes, sister Farrington, Dr. Skinner, Baptist missionary, and Mr. and Mrs. Roberts, with others, are on their passage to this country, in the brig Bourne. They sailed on the 8th of March.

P. S. The Bourne has since arrived at New York.

(ORIGINAL.)

MORNING THOUGHTS.

BY WILLIAM C. BROWN.

Those calm, delightful days have come,
The brightest of the year;
Divested of their frosty chains,
The fields once more appear.
The south wind and the sun have drunk
The snow from hill and dale,
And now unfettered nature breathes
Its joy in every gale.

The odor by the streamlet's bank,
A shrub of modest mien,
Which bears a velvet blossom first,
And then is decked with green—
The lilac, birch and sycamore,
The elm and cherry-tree
Are budding now, and soon their leaves
Will rustle gay and free.

In these bright days, I love to rise
And roam at early dawn;
And listen to the robin's notes—
Sweet messenger of morn.
I love to see the mountain top,
When first the sun appears,
And brightens with its lucid rays,
A world of dewy tears.

Thus, while I stand, at this calm hour,
And view with sweet delight,
These rich displays of nature's charms,
Which feast my ear and sight—
These many, nameless, countless shrubs,
Of every growth and hue,
The mighty dew, which rolls below—
The glorious arch of blue—

I think of that eventful hour,
When, ready to despair,
I sought the Saviour's pardoning blood,
And found redemption there.
I love the memory of that hour,
That day of sweet release;
To me, the spring-time of my soul—
Best day of light and peace.

DR. CHARLES L. COOK.—Considerable interest has been produced by the trial of this individual, recently, at the Municipal Court. A tale of premeditated hypocrisy and heartless depravity has been unfolded, too shocking to relate. Suffice it to say, that until within a few years he officiated as a clergyman. His infamous conduct, however, while acting in that office, compelled him to retire from the ministry. He then opened a druggist's shop in Broad street, and acted as physician. While there, it appears, he kept two boys for the purposes of robbery. Suspicion fell upon the latter. The shop and cellar were searched, and large quantities of linen, flannel, &c., were found secreted in trunks, and under the bed, (for the doctor slept in the cellar.)

He was sentenced to three days' solitary confinement, and seven years' hard labor in the State Prison.

Before receiving his sentence he delivered an address which indicated great fluency of speech, and a polished mind. He attributed all his troubles to his marrying a person who was not the object of his choice!

His personal appearance is manly and dignified; but beneath a calm and placid exterior may be discovered, by close and searching examination, much self-esteem, contempt of others, and deep-rooted licentiousness.

How it is possible that any man, who has at heart the welfare of his country, can be an indifferent spectator of the advances which Popery is continually making, we are at a loss to conceive. Look at the following. Is it not in perfect keeping with a comment in the Rheims Testament, which declares that "the blood of heretics is to be no more accounted than that of bulls and of goats?"—a.

[From the St. Louis Observer.]
PAPACY.

MR. EDITOR.—I take the liberty of placing at your disposal an extract of a letter written by the Rev. S. B. Smith, late a Romish priest. The letter was written on business, and bears date, New York, Feb. 16, 1835. After passing some friendly compliments relative to the circulation of his "Renunciation" and "Downfall of Babylon," he says:—

"My dear Christian brother, I have no other way for money than to promote the honor and glory of God.—As for myself, my life hangs but by a cobweb. The Papists, many of them, are thirsting for my blood. No longer ago than four days, I was grossly insulted and threatened by two Irishmen in this city. One of them came up to me, and doubling his fist in my face, would, it is probable, have put an end to me, had it not been for the timely interference of an American gentleman, who happened to be near. The wretched man poured forth the most horrid imprecations against me, and told me that I ought to have my d—d heart torn out, and that he would do it too."

"I love the Lord, and as my trust is in him, I have no fear. To die, I trust, would be my gain. I am willing to lay down my life for Christ, and I can truly say, that it is probable I shall have it to do. But while I live, however, I intend by God's grace, to expose the 'New of Sin,' and to do all I can to warn my fellow citizens of the danger to which our country is exposed. I was told, last evening, by a respectable gentleman, that there has been more knocking off at a few days since, in Brooklyn, by the Irish, on the occasion of the ceremony of consecrating the foundation stone of a mansion-house that is about to be erected in that city. The next that comes will, I think, be, not only knocking off hats, but knocking the life, and pulling the hearts out of heretics, as we are called."

"Europe is now emptying out her dregs upon us, and the floods of paupers and Papists that are pouring in upon us, are truly alarming."

"The foreign conspiracy of Austria and Rome is working hard against us; and ere long, my friend, I fear we shall hear the knell of departed liberty toll on our ears."

"Pray for me, and believe me yours in Christ."
SAMUEL B. SMITH."

WORTHY OF CONSIDERATION.—The Advocate and Journal contains the following very important suggestion upon the subject of building churches by day, and Methodism have been inspired by a want of forethought upon this point. How often is it, in travelling through villages, by stage, or pass, we pass churches, apparently surrounded by poverty, and a few paupers.

"Driver, what church is that?"
"The Methodist church, sir."

"Ah! How many members has it?"
"Very few; small congregation, also. Nobody'll go from the village, it's so far off."

Methodists, then, however few and however feeble, should commence operations, if possible, in the very heart of a town. The church will then "grow with the growth and strengthen with the strength" of the place.

Building Churches.—We are glad to find that this necessary appendage to the worship of God is attracting more and more attention. In the centre of every country village there should be a convenient house of worship, not so expensive as to involve a heavy debt, and yet sufficiently large and convenient to accommodate the people who may wish to assemble. As soon as a village is formed, let such a house be erected, and they who are first in this business will first command the attention and confidence of the people. But to build a meeting house in some corner, remote from the centre of population, with a view of economy, is but little better than throwing the money away.

SAMUEL SLATER.
This individual, who died but a few weeks since, was the originator of the cotton manufacturing business in the United States. The New York Commercial says that the first cotton mill in this country was erected by him, in Pawtucket, R. I., and was yet in full operation at the time of our last visit. There is a curious anecdote connected with the original machinery of this factory, which, as it is strictly true, we will relate for the edification of Doctors Abernethy and Macnisch, and other inquirers into the philosophy of dreams. Mr. Slater was an ingenious mechanic, and all the machinery was constructed under his immediate direction. Of course, in the earliest infancy of the business, and before the machinery to be constructed was itself thoroughly understood, or the means for making it as simple as could have been desired, imperfections to a greater or less extent were to be anticipated. At length, however, the work was complete, and high were the hopes of the artist and his employers. All was ready, but the machinery would not move—or at least it would not move as intended, or to any purpose. The disappointment was great, and the now deceased mechanic was in great perplexity. Day after day, did he labor to discover, that he might remedy the defect—but in vain. But what he could not discover waking, was revealed to him in his sleep.—It was perfectly natural, that the subject which engrossed all his thoughts by day, should be dancing through his uncurbed imagination by night, and it so happened that on one occasion, having fallen into slumber with all the shafts and wheels of his mill whirling in his mind with the complexity of Ezekiel's vision, he dreamed of the absence of an essential band upon one of the wheels. The dream was fresh in his mind on the following morning, and repairing bright and early to his works, he in an instant detected the deficiency! The revelation was true, and in a few hours afterwards, the machinery was in full and successful operation.

We have no confidence in any supernatural agency in dreams ordinarily; but it is a curious fact that the mind in sleep will sometimes fix itself with the utmost intensity and directness upon a subject in which it has been interested during the day. Clergymen who have pondered over texts, and been unable to arrange a text satisfactorily, have had, in a dream, the whole rendered clear.

A new Post Office has been established in the east part of Ellington, called *Square Pond, Conn.* Ephraim Dimick, Postmaster. [Editors of other papers are requested to copy this.]

REMOVAL.—We are requested to state that Stephen S. Andrews, Undertaker, has removed from Bromfield street to No. 47 Merrimack street, directly opposite Trull's Distillery.

NEVER censure any one for not doing quite as well as yourself. Take for your standard of duty, the most perfect man in all your acquaintance; and then see how far short you come of the requisitions of God's holy word. Remember, that great humility always accompanies great growth in grace; and that you cannot be deeply pious, if you are not deeply interested in the souls of men.

MINISTERIAL EDUCATION.—The statement of a member of the New England Conference, to which one of our correspondents alludes in a communication on our first page, and which he says has been endorsed by the Editors of the Christian Advocate and Journal, we apprehend, from what we have seen upon the subject, had reference particularly to a provision for the education of candidates, before they entered upon the "actual services of the ministry;" as may be seen by referring to the last number of the Methodist Magazine and Quarterly Review. For such an education, we suspect, no one is prepared to say, that our Church raises "one hundred thousand dollars a year;" though, indeed, we could most heartily wish it were so.

HUMILITY.—"THOU ART A JEWEL!"—The modest Editor of the Catholic Sentinel says—

We are not without a fair share of renowned in the vernacular literature of our own country, as well as in that of England. Envy or emity cannot, therefore, extinguish the star of our HONEST FAME,—for our countrymen, we are proud to say, always extend to us their support, and no matter in what paper we may write, they soon recognize us as "ne mecum notus eques."

Poetry.

The following beautiful lines, from the Charleston Rosebud, contain a useful and interesting moral to the comprehension of children, and may not be devoid of interest to minds of older growth.

"IS IT SUNDAY?"

"What is the lady doing there,
In such a posture?" Anna cried.
"The lady kneels in humble prayer,"
Her sister Bell replied.

Young Anna's silken lashes fell;
"You say the lady kneels in prayer—
To-day, you know, is Friday, Bell,
And is it Sunday there?"

"Oh, sister dear, can no one pray
At any other time as well?
Must Sunday be the only day?"
Said thoughtful Isabel.

"I should be very sad if I,
Who sorrow almost every day
For something wrong, must wait and sigh,
Till Sunday comes, to pray."

"When I have erred in deed or word,
And tears arise and blind my eye,
My heart and lips with prayer are stirred,
Till I forget to sigh."

"When softly on my downy bed
I wake, and find the morning there,
I think awhile that morning made,
And speak to God in prayer."

"When day's bright door is shut, I know
Whose voiceless hand forbids her beam,
And dare not on my slumber go,
Till I have prayed to Him."

"Oh, sister dear, no matter where,
No matter what the hour of day,
The solemn eve, the morning fair—
'Tis always good to pray."

CHOICE OF A WIFE.

I ask not beauty—'tis a gleam
That tints the morning sky;
I ask not learning—'tis a stream
That glides unheeded by.

I ask not wit—it is a flash
That oft blinds reason's eye;
I ask not gold—'tis glittering trash
That causes man to sigh.

I ask good sense, a taste refined,
Candor with prudence blended;
A feeling heart, a virtuous mind,
With charity attended.

Miscellaneous.

CONFESSION OF A DRUNKARD.

A few days since, I happened in the bar-room of a public house in the village of M—, where, among others, there was one who, to judge him by his language and general deportment, could lay very little claim to the rank of man in the scale of being. He was the devoted son of drunkenness—his tongue was constantly venting the most bitter curses and profane oaths, abusing every person who chanced to come in his way. His very breath, contaminated by the liquor he had drunk, lent its poisonous and sickening fumes to complete the loathsomeness of this degraded object.

At the time, a young man of very modest and gentlemanly appearance entered the room, and with very little ceremony stepped to the bar, and called for a glass of whiskey; when the brute in man's apparel above described, thus addressed him:

"You are yet young, there is still hope of your reformation. You have an amiable wife; I am sorry to see you go on thus heading to certain ruin. As for myself, I am past the hope of recovery—my day is gone by—I never can be reclaimed. I expect to live in intemperance the remainder of my days." He then threw himself into a chair, and with a convulsive hiccup, exclaimed,—"Was I now young, and knowing the nature and effects of liquor as I now do, if a man should offer me a drop, I would knock him down, if it lay in my power."

The last words were uttered with such an emphasis as to leave no doubt that he was conscious, in some small degree at least, of his deplorable situation; and that he felt, if a drunken man can feel, the almost, if not quite, irresistible power that was sinking him deeper and deeper into disgrace and ruin. Who that has feeling could but pity the degraded being? Who that hears or reads, having reason, character, and aspirations after immortality, can but listen to the precept and shun the example.—*Montrose (Pa.) Independent Chronicle.*

[From the Western Christian Advocate.]

A BIG TEXT.

Some time since, I went to hear the celebrated Dr. W—, an elder in the C— church. The doctor not getting there in time, another official character took the floor, and gave us a brief exposition of John v. 36. After he had closed, the doctor took for his text the seventh and eleventh chapters, inclusive, of Romans, on which he despatched for about two hours. In his preliminary remarks he said, unless he understood the analysis of his medicine, he would never attempt to administer; and unless he understood the analysis of language, he would never attempt to preach. He professed not to understand grammar, but he believed grammarians called analysis the nominative case; and yet, I understand, in some places this learned doctor passes himself for a Greek and Latin scholar. He came to the subject and represented the law as being dead—the church in a widowed state, and having a new sweetheart (Christ)—could be married to him without being an adulteress;—that the law was carnal, and stood in carnal ordinances; but Christ took it away, nailing it to his cross, ten commandments and all. He proceeded to show how we are made new creatures in Christ. Here he brought to view Peter and Pentecost, and led us down to the creek and into the water, that we might get into Christ. The carnal mind then occupied our attention. He said, if by nature man was carnally minded, as understood by the Orthodox, it was impossible for them ever to repent or turn to God, because the carnal mind is not subject to the law of God, neither, indeed, can be. Receiving the spirit was a subject of a few remarks. One brother hears of a great meeting. He asks another to go. He tells him how many preachers, and what a multitude of people will be there. Immediately the brother gets the spirit of going to meeting. Just so (said Dr. W.) we get the spirit of God. The Orthodox churches, "going about to establish their own righteousness," received a passing notice. Here creeds and confessions of faith were doomed to endless night. He was charged with being an Arian, but knew nothing of Arian or his doctrines, only by the testimony of his enemies. However, he believed, Arius taught that Jesus Christ was a created being; and Trinitarians believed him to be a human being; and as the divinity did not suffer and die, Arius had a created Saviour, and Trinitarians had a human Saviour. A few thoughts were presented on the grafting into the good olive tree, all the flowers and fruit would be nice and good. To be sure, some would be large and others small, but all would be of the same quality. Hence, all the fruit which differs from the specimen which he presented, is not of the good olive tree; it is the production of the unfruitful works of darkness. As to the final destination of the wicked, it was vague and uncertain. He knew nothing of a brimstone hell. The case of the rich man and the beggar was a parable, and had reference to the Jew and Gentile, and not to the future condition of man. Universalists had the helm of the Orthodox ship, and could steer it where they pleased. He wound up with, "The gifts and callings of God are without repentance." We had never repented that God gave his Son, his revealed will, &c., but never once told the people of what they should repent.

May God save the world from being deluded with such preaching.

GOD DEFINED.—Collins, the free thinker, met a plain countryman going to church. He asked him where he was going?

"To church, sir."

"What do you do there?"

"To worship God."

"Pray, whether is your God a great or a little God?"

"He is both, sir."

"How can he be both?"

"He is so great the heaven of heavens cannot contain him, and so little that he can dwell in my heart."

Collins declared, that this simple answer of the countryman had more effect upon his mind, than all the volumes the learned doctors had written against him.

TERANTIUS.—Terantius, captain to the Emperor Adrian, presented a petition that the Christians might have a temple by themselves in which to worship God apart from the Arians. The emperor tore his petition and threw it away, bidding him ask something for himself, and it should be granted. Terantius modestly gathered up the fragments of his petition and said, with true nobility of mind—"If I cannot be heard in God's cause, I will never ask anything for myself."

How TO SAVE YOUR MONEY.—Tom Dorel was bred a glover; but before he had served one-half of his time, ran off from his master, and coming to London, soon became acquainted with men of dispositions similar to his own. About the age of seventeen, Tom ventured to appear upon the highway, but was outwitted in his first attempt.

Meeting a Welshman, he demanded Taffy's money, or he would take his life. The Welshman said—"Hur has no money of his own, but has three score pounds of his master's money; but hur must not give hur master's money—what would hur master then say for hur doing so?" Tom replied—"You must not put me off with your cant; for money I want, and money I will have, let it be whose it will, or expect to be shot through the head." The Welshman then delivered the money, saying—"What hur gives you is not of hur own; and that hur master may not think hur has spent hur money, hur requests you to be so kind as to shoot some holes through hur coat-lapels, that hur master may see hur was robbed."

Suspending his coat upon a tree, Tom fired his pistol through it, Taffy exclaiming—"Splatter-a-nails! this is a pretty pounce; pray give hur another pounce for hur money." Tom fired a second shot through his coat. "This is a better pounce than the other; pray give hur one pounce more!"

"I have never another pounce left," cried Tom. "Why then," replied the Welshman, "hur has one pounce left for hur, and if hur will not give hur money again, hur will pounce hur through hur body." Dorel very reluctantly but quietly returned the money, and was thankful that he was allowed to depart.—*Lives and Exploits.*

It is a piece of that corruption which runs through human nature, that we naturally prize truth more than goodness; knowledge more than holiness. We think it a gallant thing to be fluttering up to heaven with our wings of knowledge and speculation; whereas, the highest mystery of divine life here, and of perfect happiness hereafter, consists in nothing but mere obedience to the Divine will. Happiness is nothing but that inward, sweet delight, which will rise from the harmonious agreement between our wills and the will of God.—*Cudworth.*

"There was no feature," says Sir John Malcolm, "more remarkable in the character of Timour, than his extraordinary perseverance; difficulties never led him to recede from what he had once undertaken; and he often persisted in his efforts under circumstances which led all around him to despair. On such occasions he used to relate, to his friends, an anecdote of his early life. 'I was once forced to take shelter from my enemies in a ruined building, where I sat, alone, many hours. Desiring to divert my mind from my hopeless condition, I fixed my eyes on an ant that was carrying a grain of corn, larger than itself, up a high wall. I numbered the efforts it made to accomplish this object. The grain fell sixty-nine times to the ground; but the insect persevered, and the seventieth time it reached the top. This sight gave me courage at the moment, and I never forgot the lesson.'"

A FRAGMENT.—

"I saw a beautiful and fair hand place a garland of flesh and fragrant flowers upon a brow—she who received it, was fairer and lovelier than they—her dark-blue eyes were beaming forth the expression of her happiness—her smile was radiant as the smile of Heaven, and her whole figure expressed the gay and buoyant feelings of her soul; she wore a single white rose in her hair, and I knew she was a—*Bride!*

He, the proud and accomplished Trebor, stood gazing upon her with the highest rapture of a happy lover—the past, the future—all seemed forgotten in that moment of exquisite happiness and proud triumph! She, the lovely Elizabeth, was his, all his!—her beauty, her confidence, her virtue—all were his—and he felt that it would be a bliss sufficient for him to devote his whole life to her.

I do not know any thing more delightful than to witness the full and joyous expression of conscious happiness—that pure, unclouded ray of light which seems to emanate from the soul, and which is beamed glowingly and tenderly upon the object of one's affection; like the rainbow, on the clouds, it seems to steal the promise of a future happiness! and yet, it does not last! And as I looked upon that brilliant creature, animated and inspired, as he appeared, with the enchanting sentiments which filled her young and happy heart, I said to myself, "That garland will fade, and so will that smile." As she turned away, a flower dropped from her bridal wreath—I snatched it up, placed it in my bosom, and passed on!

The beautiful vision I had seen, saddened me; it was the reality of happiness; and yet it appeared to me, like a passing shadow! I mused on the transitoriness of human enjoyment. I thought the young, the gay, and the beautiful, are crowned with garlands of flowers; they bind them around their brows, and think that happiness shall last forever! But it is not so! For the loveliest and happiest weep, and tears are mingled, often, even with their brightest joys! *The loveliest and happiest die! And that bitter sting to Death, is, they are forgotten, even by those whose light—whose heaven they were!*

CONVERSION OF A ROMAN CATHOLIC.

Rev. J. B. Finley, in the Western Christian Advocate, writes as follows. The occurrence took place about twenty years ago.

Instead of taking a circuitous route to meet my appointments, I took across the woods about twenty miles, and by hills and vales was thrown somewhat out of my course; but, about sunset, I fell on the track leading from Cambridge to Cadiz, and came to the house of an old Irishman, a Roman Catholic.

Here I stopped, and, on entering, found the family at their evening repast on one side of the fire-place, and a calf eating a mess of pumpkins on the other, so I was seated between them. As soon as I had refreshed myself, (for I got as good as the house afforded,) I asked the old gentleman of his nativity, profession, &c. He told me he was a Roman Catholic. I then inquired how he got along without his confessor. On this subject he was visibly agitated, and told me he had not seen one for years, but that he was laying up money to go to Pittsburgh to get confession. I then asked, if he ever experienced the new birth, or was "born again." He seemed much agitated, and asked me what I meant; "for," said he, "I am now seventy years old, and I never heard of such a thing before." He called his son John, and seemed greatly alarmed. I told him that he need not be excited, I would do him no harm. He then asked if I was a minister. I told him I did try to speak to the people, and to teach the way of salvation by faith in Christ. After some time, he and his family became so quieted, that I took out my Bible, and read part of the third chapter of John, and spent an hour in explaining the necessity and nature of the new birth. To all which, he and his family, listened with tears, and sometimes with deep sighs. In the morning he invited me to preach for him when I came around again. This I promised to do, but, on joining on him, and his, the necessity of prayer to God. I fulfilled my promise, and God began a good work. Soon afterwards the old man experienced religion, and his son John joined the Church, and likewise others of the family. The old man died happy, some years after; and the last I knew of John, he was a useful exhorter in the Methodist Episcopal Church.

The following is extracted from a volume of Historical Poems, from the Scriptures, published a few years since, and called the Harp of Salem. The writer is a lady of Edinburgh, Scotland. She gives sufficient proof in what few lines she has appropriated to the subject, that she possesses an imagination which might have extended it to a poem of considerable length. This has been beautifully done, on other Scripture subjects, by N. P. Willis, in his "Sacrifice of Abraham," "Jephtha's Daughter," "Abraham," "The Leper," and the "Healing of Jairus' Daughter."

ELIJAH TAKEN TO HEAVEN.

Still on the prophets wandered. As they walked They spoke of things celestial. The dread hour Which was to match Elijah from the earth Was come, and his pure soul was wrapt in bliss, And holy expectation of the joys—

His bright reward of glory—by the throne Of the Omnipotent Majesty of Heaven. Oh! highly favored mortal—if we dare To call thee mortal—who, undying, gained The immortal raptures of supernal spheres.

Behold your brilliant star, whose glory shoots In rapid course athwart the sapphire vault. Behold, it nears our nether world, and seems A cloud of gold. More near! what can it be? Elijah, favored son of earth, 'tis thine— Thy car triumphs to the gates of Heaven!

Swift darts the blazing chariot to its goal; The fiery steeds of Heaven disdain the earth— Cloud-borne it hangs in air; an unseen power Conveys the prophet to his radiant seat, And whirlwinds waft him from Elisha's view.

THE DOWNWARD ROAD.

I had a friend—a free-hearted, chivalrous youth. He left the thatched cottage and green fields, for the smoky atmosphere and clustered streets of the city. He was a youth of no common mind, kind, benevolent, upright—and would naturally draw around him those who might love him for his virtues. He was the pride of an indulgent and generous father, who soon after went down to his final rest. He left a large property for three children. Edward was soon of age, and came into possession of his share. It was large and generous, and made him wealthy. With it he went into trade, and for a little while was prosperous, wonderfully prosperous. But the demon was upon him: he neglected his business—left it to others—followed pleasure, and became a fashionable buck—behind none in the liberality of means or the prodigality of time. He went from home often—and finally closed his business and went for good. I met him in the great metropolis. But the impression made upon my mind I well remember, but cannot describe.

It was some years onward when I was again in the same metropolis. With a worthy friend I wandered abroad. We stretched down the great thoroughfare—where

"All tongues and kindred meet,"

till the dusk of evening closed upon us, and we found we had dropped unwittingly into a narrow avenue, leading in an adverse direction. We wandered on—indistinctly guided by the faint glimmerings of the scattered lights—and as we turned almost an acute angle, into an intersecting lane, we stumbled over the body of a human being, stretched upon the narrow

side-way, on which we stood. Humanity prompted—and we took him to a neighboring dwelling. It was the bloated and unsightly figure of poor Edward, in the last agonies of death. *He had been a drunkard and a gambler.*—*Boston Courier.*

[From the Southern Temperance Star.]

INTERESTING CASE OF REFORMATION IN VIRGINIA.

When temperance efforts first commenced in — county, a man was living in it, who from a moderate drinker, a man of comfortable property, of respectable character, and with a promising family, had sunk down to drunkenness, poverty, and contempt. His property was wasted, his family suffered for the necessities, not to say the conveniences of life, and his children were growing up around him, without education, under the influence of vicious examples, and exposed almost without a guide to the temptations and allurements of an ensnaring world.

With this man and his family, things could not become much worse. His wife and children had drained the cup of sorrow, almost to the dregs. But the hour of relief was near at hand. A member of the temperance society, who felt that even the drunkard was his neighbor, determined to make an effort to save him. He went to his house. He found him sober. He mentioned his errand, and asked him to look at the subject. Hours were spent in conversation. The poor man pointed to what he once was. He was told, not what he was then, that was unnecessary, but what he might become, if he would only break off his bands. He listened, he felt, he half resolved, then wavered, then refused. Again and again he came almost to the resolution, and his cruel master would force him back. At last he told his visitor to put down his name. "No," said he, "I wish you to write it yourself." He said his hand trembled so he could not. Still his friend urged, and he finally took the pen. Just as he was about to write, he paused, thought a moment, and laid the pen aside. Appetite had for a moment conquered. But it was the death struggle. Once more he took the pen, and the act was done, which set him free. Now, reader, mark! The very next Sabbath, to the surprise of every one, and no doubt to their own surprise, the man and his family were found in the house of God, where for years they had not been seen. In a little time he was able to repair his house, which greatly needed it; he procured a horse and light wagon to convey his wife and little ones to meeting, and the sun of prosperity again rose upon their prospects. He is now comfortable in his circumstances, beloved by his family, respected by all his acquaintance, a member of the church, a zealous and active christian, and a warm advocate of temperance societies.

[From the Charleston Observer.]

SOME THINGS MUST BE DONE.

I give you to-day the character of a beloved member of my church, who is a man of business. His engagements and cares are perhaps as numerous and perplexing as those of any man who will read this communication. This man is one whom I always depend on in the church. On the Sabbath he is always in his place. At the public lecture, he is there. At the church prayer meeting, whether at sunrise or night-fall, at morning, noon, or evening; at the religious conference, or church meeting he is there. Is he called on to lead in prayer, he never declines; to give to objects of charity, he is prompt and liberal. He is always zealously affected in a good cause. I have been in his family. No calls of business are ever permitted to interrupt morning prayers—no fatigue to shut out the evening devotions. I have often been a lodger at his house. He presents the morning with his prayers, and the sacred pages are traced by the lighted lamp long before his devotions can be disturbed by the bustle of the servants, or the calls of business. I once asked him how it came about, that with so many cares and perplexities in business he could always be so punctual in all stated and special religious duties. He replied—"From the time that I first received the grace of Christ, I have settled it as an inviolable as my Christian hope, that there are some things which must be done. These I do—and then do what else I can." I need not add, that he was as efficient and distinguished in the prompt performance of all other duties as of his religious duties. He was as confidently depended on in every thing where he had engagements.

Once attended this man, when he was in expectation of a speedy death. All was calm. The world came in for no share of his attention. His thoughts all moved in one channel. The world had professedly been given up. Here it was proved; he quietly waited the issue. And he still lives to bless the church by his example, and his active benevolence.

Now every man, like this man, has settled it in his heart, that some things must be done. Reader, what are those things which you do? By this determine your character.

PASTOR.

FRANKLIN'S FIRST LUXURY.

He observes, speaking first of his library, "this library afforded me the means of improvement by constant study, for which I set apart an hour each day; and thus repaired in some degree the loss of the learned education my father once intended for me. Reading was the only amusement I allowed myself. I spent no time in taverns, games or frolics of any kind; and my industry in my business continued as indefatigable as it was necessary. I was indebted for my printing-house, I had a young family coming on to be educated; and I had two competitors to contend with for business, who were established in the place before me. My circumstances, however, grew daily easier. My original habits of frugality increasing, and my father having among his instructions to me when a boy frequently repeated a proverb of Solomon, 'Seest thou a man diligent in his calling, he shall stand before kings, he shall not stand before mean men.' I thence considered industry as a means of obtaining wealth and distinction, which encouraged me; though I did not think that I should ever stand before kings, which, however, has since happened, for I have stood before five, and even had the honor of sitting down with one (the king of Denmark) to dinner. We have an English proverb that says—

'He that would thrive,
Must ask his wife.'

It was lucky for me that I had one as much disposed to industry and frugality as myself. She assisted me cheerfully at my business, folding and stitching pamphlets, tending shop, purchasing old linen for the paper makers, &c. We kept no idle servants, our table was plain and simple; our furniture of the cheapest. For instance, my breakfast was for a long time bread and milk (no tea), and I cut out of a two-penny earthen porringer, with a pewter spoon; but

mark how luxury will enter families and go on in spite of principle: being called one morning to breakfast, I found it in a china bowl, with a spoon of silver! They had been bought for me without my knowledge, by my wife, and had cost her the enormous sum of three and twenty shillings; for which she had no other excuse or apology to make, but that she thought her husband deserved a silver spoon and china bowl as well as any of his neighbors. This was the first appearance of plate and china in the house, which afterwards, in the course of years, as our wealth increased, augmented gradually to several hundred pounds in value."

CHINESE PROCLAMATION.—The following is a proclamation of one of the Emperors of China, when he arrived at the age of threescore and ten:—

I will, that one child or relation of every man aged 70, be exempted from road work and military service, in order that an old man may always have somebody to wait upon him. I give to every man aged 80, one piece of silk, a pound of cotton, ten bushels of rice, and ten pounds of meat. The old men from eighty to one hundred, must receive the double of this; but those of one hundred I must be acquainted with myself, and scatter upon them with my own hands, the blessings I intend for them.

[From the London Home Missionary Magazine.]

INTERESTING ANECDOTE.

In the spring of the last year, a girl, about twelve years of age, who is a scholar in one of the Sunday Schools connected with the Southwark Sunday School Society, was in a delicate state of health; her father, being a seafaring man, employed in navigating a trading vessel to the coast of France, resolved to take her with him to Dunkirk, where an English family resided, with whom he was acquainted. The Sabbath previous to going, on taking leave of her teacher, she asked for some tracts to take with her, as she said, she hoped they might be useful. Her request was complied with, and she was supplied with a bundle of tracts. She was the only female on board the vessel, the crew and passengers of which were very profane. The voyage proceeded very tediously, and, on one occasion, they were becalmed many hours; this gave occasion for the utterance of a profusion of oaths that shocked the feelings of this child, who had been taught the sinfulness of swearing. Lying in her cabin very ill, she thought of her tracts, and mustered strength enough to crawl to her box, and taking out "The Swearer's Prayer," she put it into the hands of the young man who had been the most profane, and asked him if he would like to read that little book. He said he should be glad to read anything to pass away the time. He read it aloud, and every individual appeared deeply attentive—a solemn pause ensued. This encouraged the little girl to go to her box the second time. She then brought the "History of Naaman." This was eagerly read by the same youth, and listened to with equal attention; so much so, that not a word was spoken for several minutes. Some time after, an oath was uttered; but it was heard with general disapprobation. The young man who had been reading, addressed the sear, and said, "How can you swear, after hearing what has just been read? I have determined never to swear again as long as I live." "So have I," said another; and the whole company entered into a solemn vow, that they would not swear any more. This engagement they adhered to, at least to the end of the voyage, as no more profane language was heard during the remainder of the passage.—When landed at Dunkirk, and the parties were separating to proceed to their respective destinations, the young man begged the little girl would oblige him by giving him the tracts he had read, that he might carry them with him. This she very readily did, and then they parted, probably never to meet again in this world. The other tracts she took with her, and read them to the family in whose care her father left her, and who were very glad to hear them; and, during her stay, frequently requested her to read them over again. After a residence of about a month, she returned to England in another vessel, leaving behind her, at the particular request of the family, all her little books. She arrived in the river Thames about twelve o'clock on Saturday night, got on shore, and reached her home between one and two on Sabbath morning. In the afternoon she appeared in her place at school, and related to her beloved teacher, with feelings of peculiar animation and interest, the history of her little bundle of religious tracts.

BRADFORD'S HISTORY OF MASSACHUSETTS.—History of Massachusetts, for two hundred years, from the year 1630 to 1830—by Alden Bradford. For sale by RUSSELL, ORMONDE & CO., 121 Washington Street. March 11.

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do. Appeal.
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DAVID H. ELA

FOR ZION'S THE SABBATH

Remember the Sabbath

Mr. Editor—With the

nothing to do at present, much

of commencement and termi-

the law, or at that time; and

trated on the first or seven-

commence the evening serv-

sunrise, and terminate at co-

comparatively unimportant q-

within the range of my prese-

is to those who acknowledged

Christian Sabbath.

The Scripture on which the

thus:—"Remember the Sab-

Six days shalt thou labor, and

the seventh is the Sabbath of

it thou shalt not do any work

thy daughter, thy man-servant

nor thy cattle, nor thy ass, nor

gates." From this it is obvi-

both embraces cessation from

performed before, or deferred

Israelites gathered twice as m-

as on any other day, and no-

none. A more plain indica-

this subject, could not have b-

tion to this they were comma-

in place, and not go out, o-

Sabbath day, on pain of deat-

and mercy, however, may be